

LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

VOL I.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1820.

[NO. 2.]

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY

SYLVESTER T. GOSS,

No. 10, State Street,

AT THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

All letters directed to the Publisher, must be post paid. No subscription received for a less time than one year.

THE KISS:

OR MOHAMASIM, THE ASS DRIVER.

Qui te videt deatus est

Beatior qui te audiet

Qui basiat—semi deus est..Buchanan.

It was the custom of Mohamasim to rise with the sun, and drive his asses through the streets of Bagdad. All the world is aware that the milk of those animals is a sovereign remedy against stupidity. Mohamasim, therefore, grew tolerably rich, for there was not a citizen who did not persuade his neighbour that he stood in woful need of the remedy. Twenty years did he pass in this uninterrupted course, without a murmur, and without a wish. He had heard all speak with enthusiasm, of the pleasures of variety: yet heard with indifference. To him, that was most grateful which was most easy; and, though not supernaturally wise, he had discernment enough to discover that most things become easy by perpetual recurrence.

'Tis a piteous truth, that, be our inclinations however un aspiring and inoffensive, they are equally subject to opposition with the most turbulent and ambitious. We may as well expect to live forever, as to be forever fortunate. Life is at best but like the beard of Hamlet's father, a sable silvered. Even the humble existence of Mohamasim, it seems, was to be checkered with trouble; for one day as the sultan passed by, the poor fellow, seized with a fit of coughing, wiped his mouth with his sleeve. Unfortunately, by the laws of the Ottomans, it is a capital crime to wipe your mouth in the supreme presence; but the sultan, who then reigned, having no uncommon portion of humanity and forgiveness, ordered the punishment to be mitigated to a thousand lashes. Now, as Mohamasim could have no claim to feeling, for he was an ass driver, a thousand lashes

was a mere flea-bite to him; even the courtiers, a kind of personage renowned for compassion and fine feeling, did not deny the justice and lenity of the sentence; for what crime could be more atrocious than to wipe one's mouth in the presence of a being who wore red morocco slippers?

Punishments are bestowed in Turkey with somewhat more alacrity than rewards are given in England. Mohamasim was stripped with summary celerity, and had received a dozen tolerably smart applications to his shoulders, when the sultan ordered the executioner to stop. The executioner, having lent the sovereign money, cared not an iota for his commands, so proceeded. The truth was, that having run up a score with Mohamasim, for milk, he bore him an inveterate animosity; for there is nothing so merciless as ingratitude. Stay your hand, says the sultan, but still he proceeded. Dog, said the sultan, stay thy hand, or thou shalt be hanged, like the coffin of Mohammed, between earth and heaven. As the man had no violent inclination to be hung, he withheld at last, and Mohamasim had the satisfaction of hearing him told to go about his business. Mohamasim, said the sultan, if thou hast not contrived, before one revolution of the moon, to kiss the princess Roxalinda, thou shalt receive the rest. Commander of the Faithful, said Mohamasim, rubbing his shoulders, thy will is indisputable; mankind are thy slaves; thou speakest and art obeyed, nay, more than obeyed. Dust of my feet, replied the sultan, tamper no with my patience; choose, or this moment is thy last. Let me consider, said Mohamasim, with a playfulness he could not conquer; shall I now have *nine hundred and sixty* more of these pretty, agreeable, jocose lashes, or a kiss of the princess? Why, truly, I believe I shall prefer the kiss, if it be merely for the sake of variety. The sultan smiled and left him.

Well, said the ass driver, when alone, can this be rejection; can this be choice; or receive nine hundred and sixty lashes from the heavy hand of that unmerciful scoundrel, or kiss the princess Roxalinda, the most angelick of mortals; the darling of the uni-

verse? Am I awake?—It would have puzzled Merlin himself to determine how long he would have soliloquized in interrogations, had he not been interrupted by the melodious remonstrances of his animals; but no sooner did the well known sounds salute his ears, than he started as from a trance, and, running to embrace his companions, profaned the very lips with which he was to kiss the princess. Never did a scene exhibit more pathos on the one side, or more indifference on the other. The truth is, that asses are not remarkable for tenderness.

As he quitted the animals, the difficulty of obtaining an interview with the princess, for the first time, occurred to him. Mirthful and thoughtless, he never dreamed of obstacles till he tumbled over them. It was not till now that he suspected the sultan, in giving him his choice had condescended to be facetious, and that, in fact, his shoulders were doomed to be flayed as inevitably, as though Gravity herself held the lash. In the name of the prophet, said he, where, when, and how shall I behold the princess Roxalinda? What hast thou to do with her, said a neighbour, slapping him with friendly freedom on the shoulder?

Before I proceed, it were not amiss to observe upon the dissimilitude of customs in different nations. In Turkey, you prove the strength of your friendship by raising a tumour upon your neighbour's shoulder. Lapland, being intolerably frigid, the inhabitants greet each other with an amicable squeeze by the nose, remarkably conducive to a more general circulation of the blood. The Dutch, of proverbial phlegm, usually apply a bamboo of some ten or twelve inches in circumference to each others posteriors; a practice, say they, which, while it depresses the body, elevates the imagination. In France, where all are soldiers, none are esteemed friends who have not interchanged a brace of bullets. Our northwest regions, bearing a stronger affection for their apparel, than for aught besides, invariably seize each other by their coats, supporting a smart conversation until all the buttons are twisted off, or a dozen button-holes decreased into one. We have, indeed, as well as the Turks, a fashion

of tapping on the shoulder, a circumstance which renders it a sufficient reason for deriving the one nation from the other; especially when we consider that their 'Θ η □' answers exactly to our 'Aye,' except that it is pronounced and spelled differently, and varies altogether in signification. But to return:

'What hast thou to do with the princess Roxalinda?' Do with her, said Mohamasim, chuckling, why I lie under the disagreeable necessity of kissing her. What! Mohamasim, the ass driver kiss the princess! kiss your animals, you idiot. I have, said Mohamasim. Yes, and when thou shalt have surmounted yonder walls, escaped the vigilance of five hundred eunuchs, and explored thy way through inextricable avenues, thou shalt kiss Roxalinda.

In melancholy mood did Mohamasim one moment contemplate the walls, and the next placed his hand instinctively upon his shoulders. Oh, Roxalinda! exclaimed he, among the multitude of thy admirers, who more urgently needs, who more ardently desires a kiss, than Mohamasim the ass-driver. Then did his rustick imagination dwell upon her various beauties; her shape so delicate, so majestic; her motion so magnificent; her apparel so lofty, and her feathers so waving; her swelling bosom—her lips, rosy and pouting like the cherry, and her other indiscribable charms.

As he proceeded towards the palace, so disordered were his senses, he thought the walls increased in height as he approached; his heart misgave him as he surveyed them; no friendly inequality for the hand to grasp, or the wearied foot to rest upon. Could I but make a beginning, said he, half my difficulties were vanquished. So Archimedes could have turned the earth, had he but possessed a second to hold his apparatus.

He now endeavoured to scale the walls, but every effort decreased his strength and his hopes; and, had he not fallen asleep in the midst of his perplexities, he had perhaps exerted himself into madness; but even from balmy sleep he gathered no relief; he dreamed of nothing but the princess. Now he beheld her pressing her ripe lips in mockery against an inaccessible window; and now placing his hand upon the summit of the wall, he leaped over it with as much facility and as much contempt, as Remus over

those of infant Rome. When he awoke, his faculties were less circumscribed, and his patience had acquired renewed energy; he imagined and rejected scheme after scheme; but instead of regretting their impracticability, he lay on his back in mute amaze at the inexhaustibility of his own invention. At length he determined. If, said he, Mohamasim has any affection for the shoulders of Mohamasim, he must cease to be Mohamasim. Philosophers and Persian physicians are above all men respected in Turkey; rise up then, good Mohamasim, a philosopher, he said, and sprang from the ground; his heart dilated with hope as he hastened to his hut. He secured his doors, and proceeded to the habitation of a renowned sage, to obtain some information how to proceed. Arrived, he acquainted his host with his story, and his intentions, and petitioned for his assistance; but petitioning was not sufficient, he was compelled to pay for it.

To be continued.

THEATRE.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

Battle of Chippewa: or she would be a Soldier.—We have no disposition to underrate the merits of an American work; nor unjustly to commend one, because it is of foreign origin. On the other hand, we wish well to the literature of our country; a literature, which if properly cultivated, promises so much to eradicate the prejudices of the old world, and to enlighten and invigorate the new—a literature in which we may see indications of the future greatness of the republic, and in which we may behold the unconquerable genius of her sons. We would wish to cherish such a literature, and none other. We would protect it, and leave every thing which is comparatively unimportant behind. But we would not cherish it merely because it is native, and belongs to the soil, but because it is meritorious, and belongs to the world. We would not cherish it, because it might appear ungrateful to do otherwise, but because that in so doing, we should not consciously violate our feelings and our judgment.

As a dramatic work, we assure the reader, that the production before us, promises but little in the furtherance of the American name; and we doubt

whether the author would pride himself much on its merits, if he wishes us to rate his talents in any degree, by the comparative excellence of other compositions from his pen. It was originally represented in New York, as an appendage to a regular dramatic entertainment; although our managers have seen fit to render it more farcical than it really is, by placing it in the foreground of the picture, instead of the situation which it is entitled to hold.

The plot of this production, so far as our memory serves, for we have not perused it, is as follows: Lennox, an officer in the American army, falls in love with the daughter of Jasper, a rustic; and she very naturally, reciprocates in his affection. But unfortunately, however, just as they are about to be united, the fortune of war separates them from each other; and the former receives an order to join the forces of his country. Some little impediment is attempted to be made to their union, by the introduction of a clod-hopper, whom Mr. Noah denominates, for what reason we know not, a Justice of the Peace; when he is rejected by the fair one, (who on this occasion proved to be Mrs. Brown;) and every thing would seem to have gone on happily enough, but for this fatal order. It is then that the damsel resolves to follow her lover to the wars, in male attire; she goes to the plains of Chippewa, offers herself as a soldier, is accepted, and shortly after we find her equipped and embodied in the ranks. She acts as a fugue-man to the rest, and does her duty as a sentinel. While employed in the latter capacity, she gives a dollar to her companion, to change positions, so that she may be nearer the marque, in which is her faithful Lennox. Having resumed her post, she marches to and fro in military style, when in the midst of her employment, a male voice is heard warbling an air, in which she identifies the sounds of her lover. From the impulse of the moment, overcome with joy, she rushes toward the marque, but is opposed by the other sentinel; from whom, however, finding her project discovered, she escapes, and flies from the camp in an opposite direction. An alarm is immediately sounded; she is taken prisoner, tried by a petty court martial for desertion, and condemned to be shot. She is then conducted to the place of execution, by a body of soldiers, with solemn music, and accompanied by the coffin on which she is

to meet her fate. The soldiers are arrayed in a line before her, she resting upon the coffin; a handkerchief is confined over her eyes; upon the given signal of an officer, a number of the men advance in front of the others—they make ready, and aim their weapons in silence; and just as they are prepared to fire at the deserter, Lennox comes in, directs them to hold, upon their lives, and explains, that the person they would destroy, is a woman! He goes to her, removes the bandage from her eyes, and endeavours to manifest his affection and regret. But she is jealous of him, and it is not until he had convinced her that a lady in the camp, whom she had repeatedly seen with him, was no more than his friend, that the matter can be adjusted. Here a general reconciliation takes place between all parties, and as is customary, we believe, in such cases, the curtain drops upon the wondering spectator.

This drama has had two representations upon the Boston stage; in which the characters of Lennox and Christine, were respectably sustained; and the part of Capt Pendragon of the 'Cold Stream Guards,' as performed by Mr. Williams, afforded a humorous burlesque upon modern dandyism, and the vindictive spirit of British travellers. Mrs. Duff also appeared to admirable advantage, in the part she represented; nor was Mr. Duff wanting in the native heroism of the Indian Chief; and were it not for the occurrence of one or two unpardonable blunders from the American General, in his address to the chief, such as '*the Great Spirit delights not in mercy*,' and in the exhibition of his benevolence to Capt. Pendragon, after he had become a prisoner, saying '*there's my hand, and may we ever meet enemies*—we say, were it not for these foibles, the performance would perhaps have closed with tolerable approbation. F.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

Being a votary of Apollo, I have frequently attended the exhibitions of sacred music on Sunday evenings at Boylston Hall, and have observed with much pleasure, the progressive state of musical science, in the performance of those majestic chorusses of the most eminent masters of the art, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and others. It is a rich reward to those who possess a cultivated ear, and a capacity to feel the force of truly ele-

vated and pious sentiments. This happy tendency to refine the feelings and improve the heart, ought to be extended to the younger classes of society. Children should be taken to these grand exhibitions, for the purpose of elevating their feelings, from the dissonance of Psalmody to a relish for the exalted strains of the greatest masters of the science. The demand for *Season Tickets** has enabled the government of this laudable institution to carry into full operation the objects of its charter; and the rich equivalent obtained for *ten dollars*, by the transfer of tickets places it in the power of many thousands to be gratified at a very moderate expence. URANIA.

* SEASON TICKETS are the only description issued; they admit *one gentleman* and *two ladies*, to all public performances and many of the rehearsals.

It seems to be the perpetual disposition of some persons, to render others the subject of mirth and ridicule. The author of the article below, is undoubtedly one of the number; and it is only to gratify this unconquerable propensity, that we give it an insertion; with an express proviso however, that he will not trouble us again.

THE COXCOMB.

In a small city, not unknown to fame,
There dwelt a being, *Dandy*, was his name;
Who erst did walk about, and strut and swear
'Am I not handsome ladies? now, declare.'

He was the women's sport, the grey-beard's toy,
For while he lived, fashion would never cloy;
So ludicrous, nonsensical, and gay,
Where'er he went, all gloom had fled away.

Long he essay'd to strut, about the town,
And look if possible, the females down;
Yet deigning to excite, an amorous wish,
By showing them his coat tail of *salt-fish*.

Yet all was vain, for no one pass'd him by,
Without remembering Shakspeare's '*waterfly*;
And every human voice, was free to say,
He well deserved a *lacing* but no *stay*.

The fair were stranger's to this man of cloth,
Of narrow vest, bell-muzzle, and of froth;
And they would laugh at him with wond'rous
glee,

At him who neither was nor she, nor he.

Thus did he live; until one wintry morn,
When ice and snow had usher'd in the dawn,
He met three ladies fair; to whom I trow
He doff'd his hat, and vainly tried to bow.

Yes; for that moment, dreadful was the sound,
His high-heeled boots, did tumble him to
ground;

And plainly show'd that though of face com-
manding,

He yet had still more *brass* in understanding.

The ladies smiled; for why? they could not
grieve;

And those who did not smile, laugh'd in the
sleeve;

While every one essay'd with skill so handy,
To place upon his legs, the fallen *Dandy*.

MORAL.

Ye who'd avoid, so dread, so dire a fate,
Repent, reform, before it be too late;

And when you trudge C**n-l**l to raise the
wind,

Pray leave your spectacles, and *brass* behind.

POOR RICHARD.

A venerable rattlesnake having attempted to enter the dwelling of a maiden lady in the dead of night, her cries awoke the neighbouring inhabitants, several of whom came to the spot and the reptile was instantly killed. A few days after she was visited by one of them, who thus *compassionated* her sufferings. 'Formerly Madam, observes he 'this was an holy house, and the house of prayer; but now alas, it has become, a 'den of snakes.'

From *Interesting Anecdotes of heroic Female*
during the *French Revolution*.

ANN MUSNIER.

'I do not know,' says St. Foix. 'a more flattering or finer title to nobility, than that which the descendants of Anne Musnier produced at the reformation. Three men, whilst they were waiting in an alley of the count of Champaign's garden, for that prince's rising, consulted together upon a plot they had laid to assassinate him. Anne Musnier, who was concealed behind a tree overheard part of their conversation: seeing them withdraw, shocked at the thoughts of a design against her prince's life, and fearful perhaps that she should not have time enough to acquaint him of it, she called out from the other end of the walk, and beckoned to them as if she wanted to speak with them. One of them advancing toward her she stabbed him with a large kitchen knife, and he fell at her feet; she then defended herself against the other two, and received several wounds.

By this time the people came to her assistance; and in searching these villains, there were found upon them presumptive proofs of a conspiracy. They confessed the whole, when put to the torture, and were quartered. Anne Musnier, Gerard de Langres her husband, and their descendants, were ennobled.

MARCUS AND MONIMIA.

A TALE.

MONIMIA was nobly born; her grandfather was nearly related to the house of Bourbon, and her father president of the parliament of Nismes. The former, in his dying moments, tenacious of his hereditary distinctions, delivered to his son, to be forever remembered, these his last words: 'I transmit to you, my son, the honour and dignity of my family, as I received them, pure and unsullied; guard them whilst you live, and in your dying moments, as you have received, so transmit them to your posterity.'—The bequest was lodged in the heart of his successor, and the solemn mandate, like the Persian memento, was daily reiterated. Proud, haughty, and imperious, and not tolerating equals, he reigned the despot of his little circle. Nobility was the true, the only virtue; and to be born beneath it, was an hereditary stain; a crime of so deep a dye, as to be visited from the father upon the children. One son, highly distinguished in the annals of military fame, and the charming Monimia, were the fruits of a marriage with the Comtesse de —, whose life remains recorded, and her virtues blessed, not by the unmeaning tongues of monks in purchased masses, or of artful eloquence, wound up like mechanism by the annual stipend; nor are they delineated on the pedestal of the stately monument: the laborious poor, the deserted orphan, helpless age, and afflicted widows, remain the heralds of her virtues; and whilst each sobs his simple tale, how industry was encouraged, how affliction smoothed, and how age supported, the heart shews the recorded letters, and bleeds at the fresh recital.

Monimia, the beautiful Monimia, was such; and now like the full-budding rose, diffusing its congenial odours, 'lovely and charming to the eye,' appears the pride, the admiration of all.

Nor less so was Marcus. Gifted by nature with the most valuable endowments, which were embellished by an excellent education, he seemed formed but for Monimia. Like her, he studied virtue, and like her he was esteemed the model of it. The father of Marcus was an old soldier; who, worn out with fatigues of duty, had retired to his little villa, there to dedicate the short remainder of his days to humanity and religion. The Croix de St. Louis was his only given honour; a

scanty pension his only subsistence. Marcus was his only child, his pride, and support; and whom peace had now restored to the arms of his aged father. Discharged from military glory, he now indulged his natural propensity in that scene where the charming Monimia was so highly distinguished. Oft had he vied with her in virtuous exploit, and oft had he anticipated the pleasure of doing good. In love, each of them, with virtue, they could not but be enamoured of its agents; and oft had the expressive eye told what the modest tongue was yet afraid to utter. Already had the village tattle anticipated the nuptial vow, and already had the little infant learned to lisp the names of Marcus and Monimia. But the haughty president had far other views; his titles, his honours, and the dignity of his family, were his chief, his only care. To support these, let nature no longer be regarded, let parental affection cease, and let an amiable, and a virtuous child be abandoned and deserted. Whilst pride, however forbade him to leave her in a station inferior to her birth, his meanness would not permit him to retract from his own dignity to add to her's.

A neighbouring convent conveniently offered itself to reconcile these jarring interests; and the world was thus to be deprived of one of its greatest ornaments. The convent was of the order of St. Francis: sad, gloomy, rigid, and austere, 'Melancholy marked it for its own.'—Far different from these were the principles instilled into the mind of Monimia: she had been taught to regard religion but as the source of happiness and contentment: that morality included the chief of its laws; and that the world was the place destined by her Maker for the exercise of it; that to retire, and avoid the trial of it, was a species of suicide that marked the coward, afraid of the trifling ill the world could do him.—'This,' cries she, 'has many objects scattered here and there to employ the religious votary; and I am sure the small mite which I bestow on charity, gains more favour with heaven than a thousand reiterated stripes, or years of fasting; and that the future punishment of a crime is not the self-inflicted stripe which can mitigate, but the attribute of mercy to acquit.'

Whilst such were the sentiments of Monimia, no wonder she endeavoured to avoid her impending doom; but her father remained inflexible. He begged, he admonished, he reasoned, he urged, and commanded. Monimia,

knowing his disposition, and the dreadful consequence, should he have the smallest suspicion of her attachment to Marcus, reluctantly complied; and the day, the fatal day of the burial of Monimia was fixed. And now the effects which timid bashfulness had hitherto withheld, were no longer concealed; Marcus and Monimia now mutually exchanged their long withholden tale. Much had he to say; a thousand chimeras, a thousand romantic projects filled his labouring breast; the more he wished to tell them, the less was he able; and the moment of utterance was that of separation.—'Fail not,' says Monimia, 'fail not, as you regard my affection and esteem, to be present at the ceremony. From the moment in which I appear in all the pride and ornaments of the world, to that of my interment, I entreat, I conjure thee to grant me this, my last request.'—Marcus swore to obey, and afterwards, like a true Petrarch, to follow the example of his Laura. Monimia having obtained her request, tore herself away.

Marcus remained motionless, till his weary eyes, no longer able to pursue the object of their delight, dissolved in tears. 'Miserable, unhappy wretch!' exclaimed he, 'thou art now deprived of the sole blessing the world had to bestow upon thee! yes, there are mortals predestined to be unhappy, and I am one of those wretched victims whose lot is misery. Your father, say you, Monimia! was it he who instigated you take the religious vow? who compelled you to commit this act of suicide? Unnatural wretch! Surely he deserves not such a name. He is not to be called a father, who can sacrifice his child to avarice and pride; nor is it religion to take a vow which God and nature forbid.—O happy country! where an hereditary obligation binds the father to provide for his child, and where such passions find no resource to break the natural tie.—O Monimia! whither art thou going! within those walls lies the deceitful monk, that guileful serpent, who, under an assumed form, will betray thine unwary innocence; will talk to thee of religion, whilst he is leading thee to vice; will tell thee, thy virtue is too rich an ornament to retain; and when thou hast given it him, will say thou hast committed an act of grace in parting with it. Cursed tyrant! whence dost thou derive such dominion? or who gave thee that arbitrary right of pronouncing judg-

ment on thine own crimes?—Surely a threefold punishment awaits him, who assumes to be the minister of God, to tempt one to rebel against him. O Gallen! Gallen! even thy virtue, when in a desert, secluded from the eye of the world, could not resist the temptation of vice; hadst thou been there, thy mind, taken up and employed in the exercise of virtue, its predominant passion, had never thought of vice; but solitude produced the gap, and whilst the one was inactive, the other crept in and usurped its dominion. O Monimia! stay, for heaven's sake.—The curfew tolled its solemn knell. Marcus, started as one awakened from a frightful dream; he stood fixed and motionless; till recollecting Monimia's last request, he hurried to the fatal spot. Scarce had he arrived, ere Monimia entered the chapel, encircled by a numerous *convoy* of relations, and bedecked in all the elegance and splendour which art and nature could bestow. The religious of the order were arranged on each side of the altar; who, as soon as Monimia entered the chapel, began their pious hymn; and in melodious strains sung the folly and misery of the world, and the happiness and tranquility of the religious. On the right of the altar was the bishop of the province, to whom the head of the order, the hymn being finished, presented Monimia. The first question was then demanded—'Dost thou thoroughly despise and hate the folly and vanity of the world, and canst thou dedicate the remainder of thy life to God and religion?' Monimia having given the affirmative, was conducted from the chapel into the convent, to be stript of all her pompous ornaments, and to prepare to make the last, the fatal vow. The little bell gave the tinkling signal; and in an instant re-entered the abbess, with the rest of the order, bearing the coffin of Monimia, and chaunting her solemn dirge. Monimia followed, now dressed in the habit of a religieuse; her beauteous long training locks cut off, and a veil concealing her charming countenance. Once more she was conducted to the bishop, in the midst of the whole order and her numerous relations, to make the last, the binding vow.—A solemn silence now ensued.—Monimia looked around, and espied her Marcus, his eyes fixed upon her, and petrified to the spot.—'I accept him,' she cried, 'for my husband, and here make my solemn vow

to be eternally his.'—The reverend prelate, indignant as he was, was obliged to ratify it when thus made, and to join the hands of Marcus and Monimia.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

As an act of humanity due to the feelings of the venerable author of the following article, it is transcribed from another publication, in order that its original object may be effectually accomplished; viz. by the possession of the fair hand alluded to; for we have reason to believe from unquestionable authority, that no notice has been taken of it whatever. It appears to have been written under the influence of strong conflicting emotions; and to have been the emanation of a mind originally soured by adversity, but now disordered from the contemplation of its own happiness. We received it through the medium of the Post Office, from one purporting to be the friend of the author, with an intimation that it had been regularly inserted, in the paper to which it was sent, with the anticipation that an answer would be immediately returned to it by the damsel to whom it was addressed, but in vain; for several weeks have elapsed since that period, and week after week has the old bachelor groaned in restless extacy, from the effects of his disappointment. He now relies upon us as a dernier resort, a forlorn hope, and to us he makes an agonizing appeal for his misfortunes; assuring us at the same time, however, that if unsuccessful here, should his health permit, and he recovers from the shock he has in consequence sustained, he shall endeavour to excite the attention of some others of the sex more compassionate and deserving, nor leave an expedient untried until he has taken the hymenial altar by storm.

THE BACHELOR.

'When an Old Bachelor marries a young wife, what has he to expect?'

SIR PETER TEAZIE.

And what have I to anticipate, who am an old bachelor, and without a wife? for fifteen years enjoyment of that miserable state I trust are sufficient to testify the former, while aching limbs, and innumerable wrinkles, too plainly evince that my want of the attentions of the latter cannot have been mistaken. What have I to expect, who find all these troubles increasing upon me without the means of relief, and the frost of each succeeding winter adding to my woes? What have I to expect, who realize that at present grey hairs are my only portion, the execration of old maids my only reward for abstemiousness, and a bed-ridden disease the only consolation for my purity.

It was thus I reasoned a few days since, it was thus I experienced all the melancholy forebodings of celibacy, when chance threw into my hands the Franklin Monitor. I had

previously looked into Wirt's 'Old Bachelor,' which I am told by the by, is a very amusing work; but being at a loss to imagine how a married man who had never endured, could successfully describe the horrors of my situation, I threw down the book; and ran over the columns of this weekly journal for something consolatory. Never was the thirsty soul more invigorated by a cup of cold water, when despair had almost driven him to death, than your humble servant on reading the peculiarly interesting remarks 'Upon the foundation of happy marriages.' Imagine him for a moment seated by a dreary fire-side, for there was scarcely a coal alive, and endeavouring to communicate warmth to his limbs by striking his toes against the floor. Think of him, only think, for it impossible to imagine any thing more pitiable, think of him in solitude with no other being but a cat for his companion, and no other vessel to refresh his lips but a broken tea cup. Suppose him attired in a coat the shabbiest imaginable; but the only one he had in the world, and therefore a little the worse for wear; while his lean and slippered pantaloons and undarned hose, stared him in the face, and railed at his negligence and indecency; for the one like the legs of this friendless mortal, required but the office of the tallow chandler to give them an uniform appearance; while the other equally demanded the needle to preserve his heel from observation.

Such was the unfortunate dilemma in which I appeared, when the blessings of marriage founded on reciprocity of affection and a regard to similarity of tastes and sentiments, were unfolded to my view. I was in raptures in an instant at the golden hopes which awaited me. Thinks I to myself, Mr. Bachelor, you see my name is Bachelor, thinks I to myself, take courage; you are no longer that dry, beshrivelled, despicable object, which the young women used to ridicule, and the old took delight in tormenting, but are undergoing a complete decomposition in your intellectual and corporeal frame; your face begins to assume its original smoothness, your eyes are deprived of that sour austerity with which they were wont to flash upon women; every tooth that remains in your head, is sound; your breath is sweeter than usual; your bandy legs happily recover their shape, and in vain attempt like flints to strike fire from each other; and in short you look once more, on the whole, like a rational being. Therefore again say I, take courage; throw by your old clothes, abandon your old habits, and get new ones more gentle, and fashionable; leave off taking snuff in quantities that stupify rather than brighten your ideas, and let none but old maids, and crazy old bachelors

participate in that luxury; come, bristle up, repel that lethargic spirit that has so long possessed you, and look like a man; for you are going, yes you are going the way that all flesh ought; you are going to be married.' Tis an angel that points out the road to 'this momentuous of all earthly concerns,' who has made it the 'study' of her life, and you have only to follow her directions in order to attain the summit of human happiness, the acme of human felicity. Who knows but she herself, that is if a woman be the author of the article before you, who knows but she herself sires to find a partner, and to enter into that lovely state. With this for your hope, who so likely as you to attain it; who so well calculated as one that has passed through all the vicissitudes of celibacy to lead her to the altar. Many an event even more wonderful than this has happened; and what is to prevent one of ordinary importance except to the parties concerned, from happening now? Nothing in the world. Unless indeed it be the consent of the lady; and with your affluence, and attractions, she certainly cannot refuse. You may be 'paired,' if you are not 'matched,' and there may be some little 'diversity of temper like diversity of musical tones'; but Hymen's torch however for awhile will doubtless burn bright enough without the aid of 'matches,' and the music of your voices altho' discordant at times, will soon jingle again in unison. The squalls of a married life, though undesired, are not alarming or tremendous; for they soon blow over, and leave all clear as sun-shine, and calm as a summer's sea.

Who can doubt that 'reciprocity of affection and a regard to similarity of tastes and sentiments, are of unspeakable importance in the choice of a partner for life, and constitute the principal source of happiness in the conjugal state.' Not one who feels as I do, thought the Bachelor, and who desires, ardently desires to realize these enjoyments. Who can doubt that where 'the tempers are in unison, and the peculiar bent of the mind and disposition are at variance, there is far less chance of happiness than where the sentiments and feelings assimilate, and the ideas flow in the same channel.' No one like me, again the Bachelor imagined, who realizes the want of such a consanguinity; and who can now anticipate the delights of an union founded on such principles. These are the only means of 'preventing satiety;' and those who seek such happiness ought to do it in the 'way appointed by divine wisdom. Thus mused our bachelor, you see my name is Bachelor, as he progressed in the perusal of these elegant remarks; but when he came to that portion of them, 'where the heart of sensibility' is

described as blest with a partner of her choice,' he could contain himself from excess of delight no longer. In a moment his pulse quickened, and like one of Fahrenheit's best Thermometers rose to an hundred and fifty; his heart knocked against his ribs, strange as it may seem, so that you might almost hear the reverberation; and the prospect of a lovely, delicate, amiable wife possessing as is there finely declared, a strong 'susceptibility of feeling,' with fifteen small children, and one at the breast, not unressembling those of the exemplary partner of John Rogers, appeared to be inevitable.

Yet even these emotions overpowering as they appeared, were sensibly heightened by the language which succeeded; and when he came to that passage

*'Where heart meets heart reciprocally soft,
'Each in the others bosom to repose; divine,'*

'And where the heart of sensibility is blest with the partner of her choice who evinces that susceptibility of feeling and watchful solicitude in anticipating her wishes,' he involuntarily arose from the chair on which he had been seated and began to dance, like a madman or merry Andrew, about the room. Yes I, who had never danced but once before in the whole course of my life, and then upon compulsion only, now began in the forty-fifth year of my age, as the town records of births will specify, to revive a solitary instance of activity; and with nothing else than a pair of cow-hide shoes, to make desperate efforts at antic capers. The spectacle was ludicrous to be sure, but then it was original; for on the first attempt I made to jump and cross my legs, so extraordinary was my exertion in the ascent, that my head struck against the wall like a potatoe, and down I came upon all fours, where I lay sprawling. As soon as I recovered from the shock, I caught up my wig which had been thrown to the extremity of the room, combed it in the most superb style of modern dandyism, buckled my shoes and breeches which were in extreme disorder, scraped the grease from them as well as my coat, turned down the cuffs which had been partly worn, smoothed over with a brush the damaged elbows, adjusted and put on my large flopp'd hat, the rim of which is capacious enough for a race-course, and determined without further ado to offer myself at once to your charming correspondent; who as I said before, if it be a woman will doubtless accept me with all my imperfections; which come not unrecommended however, by a moral and religious turn of mind. A BACHELOR.

N.B Mr. Editor. If delicacy prevents her from making a public reply, please direct it when received to Antony Bachelor, Esq. Tenpenny Lane, where it will be acknowledged.

REVIEW.

FOR THE LADIES PORT FOLIO.

FREDOLFO,

A tragedy in five acts—By Rev. C. R. Maturin.

CONTINUED.

It will be remembered that we left off at that part of the interview between Adelmar and Urilda, in which the former describes his adventure with some unknown beings who had encountered a warrior and murdered him; stabbing at the same moment the hero Adelmar, who had pressed forward in his defence. Urilda expresses an involuntary desire that her father had beheld him at that period, and particularly while he was watching by the 'pale corse' the live-long night, presuming it would have softened his resentment, and have induced his affection. But so far from this however, the contrary proved to be a fact; and we are entertained with another mystical account of dreams and 'hair breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach.' The form of the warrior, had continued from that event uppermost in Adelmar's mind.

—then, by ruffian hands
Dragg'd from my hut, all tremblingly, I follow'd—

Far in a sea-toss'd bark, the ruffians bore me;
A voice was in the wind, that swelled the sails,
That charmed them ne'er to let their freight return!

Uril. A voice!—what voice?

Adel. I know not;—but I cried,
Who tears a freemen from his mountain home?
Who rends the child, his country cannot spare
From her spread arms? The answer was—Fredolfo!

Uril. (*shrieking with amazement*) Impossible!

Adel. I cried, 'impossible.'

Years, mournful years, in a strange land were wasted,

Wasted to me—the land was beautiful—

Fair rose the spires, and gay the buildings were,

And rich the plains, like dreams of blessed isles,
But, when I heard my country's music breathe,
I sigh'd to be among her wilds again!

I climb'd a bark's tall side—an arm grasp'd mine—

Struggling, I turn'd and ask'd, who dared withhold me?

A dark-eyed ruffian answer'd,—'twas Fredolfo!

These fantasies of the brain, as they appear to Urilda, are declared by her to have been the promptings of a

'villain, liar, fiend that mock'd, him,'
while she at the same time bids her lover,

'Away!—in absence I may try to hate thee.'

This quarrel however, like all lovers' quarrels, is soon made up; and the whole business ends with a very passionate speech from Urilda up-

on the fate of him who was doomed to be an exile, at the close of which she gracefully sinks into his arms. Immediately a confused noise is heard, and servants rush into the apartment with torches, giving notice that St. Gothard's monks prepare to sound

'that sole and terrible bell,

'That tells the traveller's danger.'

And from thence in erring, that Fredolfo will perish amidst the storm, his train affrighted having left him, and no means of rescue being presented. Here Urilda implores the exertions of Adelmarr in his behalf; while to add to the effect of the scene, the bells of St. Gothard's monastery peal out,—the storm increases, and lightning flashes through the casements. Heart rending pangs and embraces at the idea of separation take place between this disconsolate pair; during which many unaccountable exclamations are uttered by each. For example, Urilda says to Adelmarr,

'Away, and save him, or I am not saved.'

On which he exclaims clasping her to his heart,

'Yes thou art saved.'

When, Urilda starting from him, ejaculates,

'Saved, while my father perishes?'

A very natural scene truly, while the elements are in dread commotion, while the terrible alarm has been sounded without, the servants running about like madmen within, the tempest preparing as it were to burst upon their heads, and the fate of the lord of Altdorf appears almost certain and instantaneous; we say that making love at such a period is extremely characteristic, and deserves to be held up as a model for imitation. But still more characteristic, for the lovely maiden Urilda, to indulge in the reproaches which succeed; and which being softened from their high toned accent, result in the flight of Adelmarr

'to save the life, that lives to blast him.'

For it will be remarked, that notwithstanding they had hugg'd and embraced each other repeatedly in this interview, notwithstanding Urilda had declared that her own life was involved in that of her parent, Adelmarr opposes all intercessions for his safety and utterly refuses to attempt it until 'one word—one look,' is granted him from the desperate fair.

Several of the passages which follow this encounter, are judiciously marked with inverted commas, as omitted in the representation. Though emanating from a clergyman, unhappily like many other expressions from the same pen, in former works, they too strongly border on impiety to be fitted for the stage; indeed for any thing connected with civilized life. Among these ridiculous ravings, ravings which are sanctioned neither by nature or art, and which peculiarly attach to the gentle heiress of Fredolfo, she breaks forth in the manner we subjoin. It will be remarked that she attempts to rush out in defence of her father, bidding defiance to the elements; when she is detained by Waldo, who inquires

'Where would'st thou rush?'

he wildly answers,

'Where the tempest raves,

re To bare my bosom to the forked lightnings!

evl To shriek in tones that will appal the thunder!

ye'll in nature's ears a daughter's prayer!"

Waldo's exertions to stop the frantic woman are useless and unavailing; for she escapes from him, and succeeds in getting into the open air in spite of thunder and rain. It is to be observed, that here closes one scene of the play before us; a scene which has not nor ought to have a parallel; a scene which embraces about one fourth part of a production making seventy-nine pages; and which of itself, is a prototype of horrors, disaster, and blood.

To be continued.

ANECDOTE.

FEMALE SPIRIT.

Not long since, a couple were going to be married, and had proceeded as far as the clergyman's door; the gentleman stopped his fair comrade, with the following unexpected address; 'Eliza, during our courtship, I have told you *most* of my mind; but I have not told you *all* my mind; when we are married, I shall insist upon three things.—'What are they?' asked the astonished lady. 'In the first place,' said he, 'I shall lie alone; secondly, I shall eat alone; and lastly, I shall find fault when there is no occasion; can you submit to these conditions?' 'O yes, sir, very easy,' she replied, 'for if you lie alone, I shall be content; if you eat alone, I shall eat first; and as to your finding fault without occasion, that I think may be prevented, for I will take care you shall never want occasion.' They were married—and the writer of this, wishes them much happiness.

BOSTON,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1820.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our poetical correspondents are desired to send in their favours by Wednesday, if they wish them to have an early insertion.

'EDITH' is received, and shall have a place in our next.

'J. Q. V's' 'farewell' to a 'beauteous maid,' possesses too much passion, and too little poetry, to be of any service, but to the person to whom it is addressed. His 'joys' must therefore for the present, 'lie prostrated,' until she returns to *raise* them.

The communication of 'R. X.' relative to the study of the dead languages, shall be attended to.

The engagement of Messrs. Cooper and Wallack, at the New York theatre, closed with the representation of Othello by the former gentleman, and of Iago by the latter; the parts of Michael Cassio, and Desdemona, being sustained by Mr. Dwyer, and Mrs. J. Barnes; a lady who is announced to

make her appearance on the Boston stage, next Monday evening. Such a combination of talent as this, has scarcely been witnessed of late years in any theatre; and we venture to say, that those of Covent Garden, or Drury Lane, could not have surpassed it. In addition to the characters mentioned in our last, as performed at New York, by two of these gentlemen, Mr. Cooper played King John, to Mr. Wallack's Falconbridge; Mercutio to his Romeo, and the engagement concluded with an interchange of parts, in the above manner.

It is said that Mrs. J. Barnes, the accomplished actress who visited us a few years since, will during her present engagement here, be accompanied by her husband, a comedian of the highest celebrity in his line. The patrons of the drama may therefore anticipate a rich treat, from the united exertions of these performers.

Farcical.—Notice was given out by the managers, that there would be no entertainment at the theatre on Friday evening, in consequence of the indisposition of some of the performers; but we learn that the real cause of this incident, was essentially different from the avowed one; for if our information be correct, those concerned, were threatened with another beggarly account of empty boxes; having disposed as we hear, of the remarkable large number of five tickets, the evening before—a consideration, which induced them to close the house. 'What a falling off is here.'

Theatre.—On Monday Evening, Jan. 10, will be presented, Shakespear's tragedy of *ROMEO & JULIET*; Juliet, Mrs. J. Barnes. To which will be added the pantomime *BRAZEN MASK*.

MARRIED,

In this town, on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Palfrey, Mr. Charles M. Carlton, to Miss Sarah, daughter of George Homer, Esq.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Charles White, Esq. to Miss Sarah Blake, daughter of Mr. Thomas Blake.

DIED,

In this town, on Wednesday last, Susan B. Boyer, aged 2 years.

On Wednesday evening last, Miss Eliza Wild, aged 17 years, youngest daughter of Mr. Jonathan Wild. Funeral this afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

STANZAS

Addressed by a Lady in Vermont, to her brother in the army.

Dear absent boy ! though far away,
What anxious cares corrode my breast ;
I bear thee on my heart by day,
By night thou art my constant guest,

I see thy young heart beating high,
In hope of glory, thirst of fame ;
I hear the proud, ambitious sigh,
That flutters for the Hero's name.

I feel that patriotic zeal,
Which bears thee to the din of war,
And makes thee for thy country's weal,
Welcome the battle from afar.

But ah ! the fatal hour is here !
I see thy keen eye pierce the foe !
As face to face, without a fear,
You aim the dreadful deadly blow.

Hark ! tis the awful cannons roar,
That makes the crazy myriads reel ;
That bathes the earth in crimson gore,
And melts to wax the heart of steel.

E'en now in fancy's dreary way,
I roam among the mangled dead ;
Where many an orphan's father lay,
Where many a breathless widow fled.

With tearful eye, and pallid cheek,
My lone step prints the crimson dew ;
But ah ! that form ! I faint, I shriek,
O tis a brother's corse I view !

Dread judge of heaven ! in awful light,
Thou rid'st upon the raging storm,
Thy fearful judgments Lord are right,
And mercy shines in awful form.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

ON MEETING.

There is a joy which oft I've known,
No power on earth destroys ;
Tis heavenly, yes, tis heaven alone,
O tis the joy of joys !
Its powers are mighty, mark ! it heals
The deep wounds of despair ;
There's not a heart, tho' hard, but feels
Its sun beams bright'ning there.

Though keen afflictions hand hath torne
The lustres from the eye,
And from the health mark'd cheek, hath
born,
Its roseate brilliancy ;

Still one bright drop, from this pure stream,
Will life and hope renew,
The eye receives heaven's brightest beam,
The cheek its roseate hue.

Tis not from the enchanting smile
Of beauty, this is given ;
Beauty, whose powers our hearts beguile,
With joys pure as from heaven ;
No scene of mirth, can e'er afford
This pure joy of the soul ;
Tis not drawn from the miser's hoard,
Nor from the sparkling bowl.

Tis parents, brothers, sisters, friends,
Which long we've left to roam,
When these we meet, and each descends
With "welcome, welcome home !"
This is the joy which oft I've known,
No power on earth destroys ;
Tis heavenly, yes, tis heaven alone,
O tis the joy of joys !

ST. ORVILLE.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO,

REFLECTION.

How sad are all the scenes of life :
We languish in the bloom of youth ;
And suns and years, add pain and strife ;
No toil gives wealth, no research truth.
The beauties of a vernal dawn,
How soon they fade, how soon they're flown !
The scenes of youth, of hopes are made ;
In age they're past ; the illusions fled ;
And all the joys which nature knows,
How mix'd with grief, shagrin and woes.
The cold embraces of the tomb,
With all their shade, with all their gloom,
Alone give quiet to the troubled soul,
This is the end of all ; the wise man's goal.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

Lines on the death of S— B—

Wild was the gaze of thy mild beaming eye,
And thy cheek with crimson burning ;
While the pale lamp of life, told thy hour was
nigh,
When to dust thou wert returning.
Mournful and low, thrill'd the pangs of thy
frame,
For thy feverish dreams were closing ;
And the faint struggling spirit, but throbb'd
once again,
Ere it sunk like a seraph reposing.

Yet still on thy lip, sat an heavenly smile,
Which struggled with death's stern frown,
And sympathy dropt her tears all the while,
As the tyrant hurried thee down.

Solemn in death, toll'd thy funeral knell,

And each visage was sunk in gloom ;
When parting from thee whom they loved so
well,
And consigned to the silent tomb.

Natures own lineaments shone in thy mind,
With the light of intelligence gleaming ;
Where honour and truth, and love were en-
shrined,
And mercy was gently beaming.

Tis sad to recal our fond social hours,
When pleasure is drown'd in sorrow ;
When the smile of to day, so unhappily lowers,
And is chased by the tear of to-morrow.

May thy memory live on, till the earth is no
more,
And the arch angels trump is sounding ;
To call us away from this desolate shore,
And meet thee in joys abounding. R.

MR. GOSS.—If an occasional insertion of
some of the latest and most approved fashiona-
ble Songs, be found worthy of your attention,
I may sometimes wish to occupy a niche in
your poet's corner. EUTERPE.

'LIPS AND EYES.'

'In Celia's face, a question did arise,
Which, were most beautiful, her lips or eyes,
We said the eyes, send forth those pointed
darts

Which pierce the hardest adamant heart.

We said the lips, sweet melody impart,
To wound or heal a lovesick heart,
Thus wept the eyes, and from their springs
did pour

Of liquid orient pearls, a shower.

Where at the lips, mov'd with delight and
pleasure,
Thro' a sweet smile, unlock'd the pearly trea-
sure,
And bade love judge, which thus did add most
grace,
Weeping or smiling pearls in Celia's face."

WOMAN.

There's nought so delightful as woman,
Delectable source of all joy,
When lovely and kind,
And posses'd of a mind,
She's by heaven's, no trifling toy !

This should be disputed by no man,
'Kind woman of life is the soul,'
With delicate ease,
She fails not to please,
When the sways man with gentlest control.

O woman ! bewitching sweet woman !
Thou idol whom all must adore ;
Let virtue inspire,
Each hallow'd desire,
Then rule thou the world evermore !

A SENTIMENT.

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue ; the only lasting treasure tr